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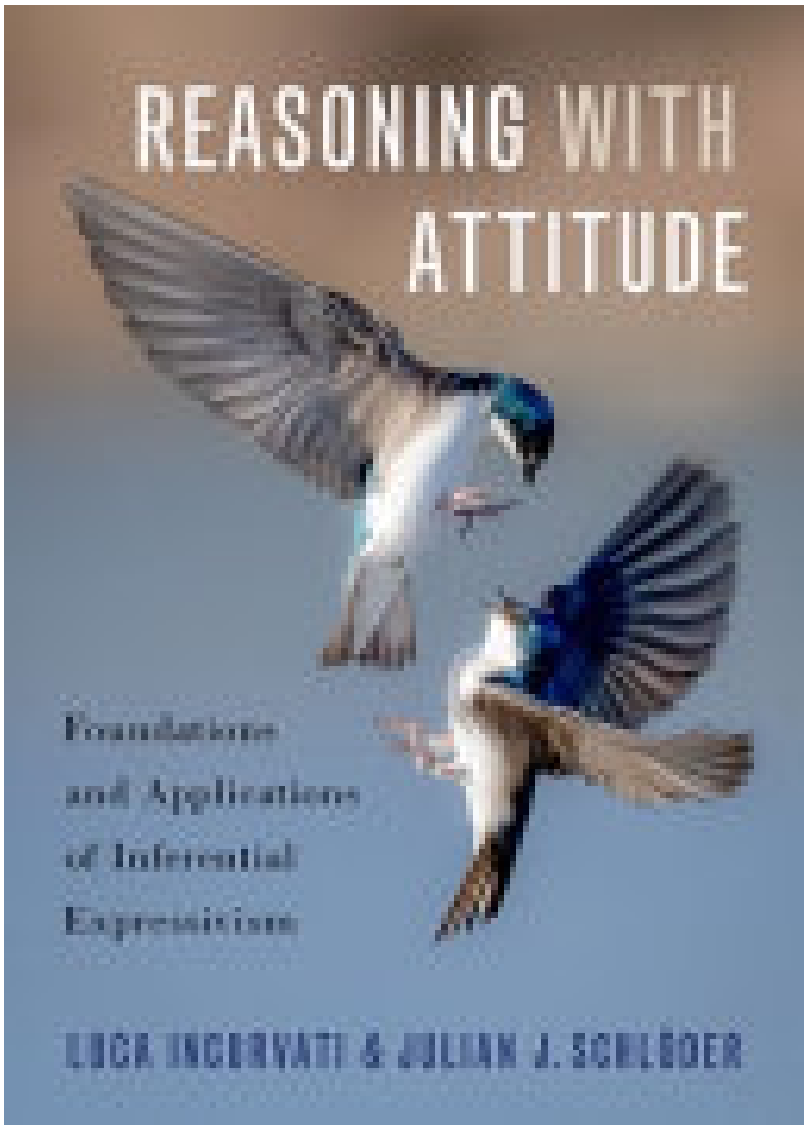

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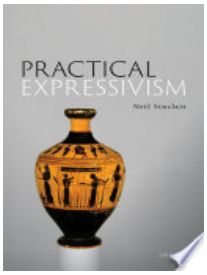

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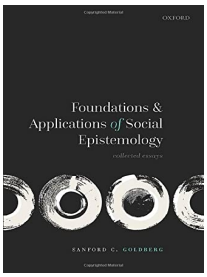

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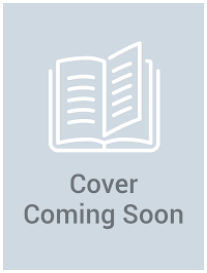

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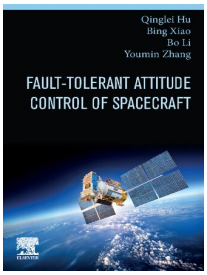

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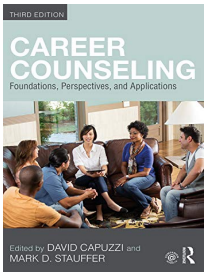
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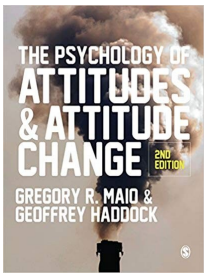

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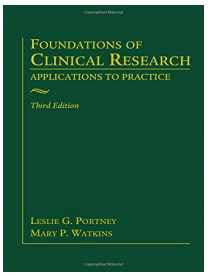

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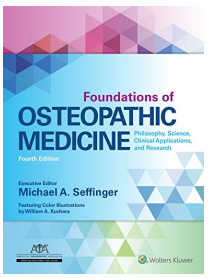

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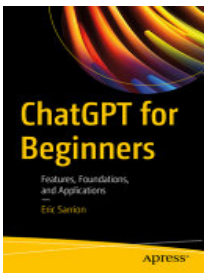

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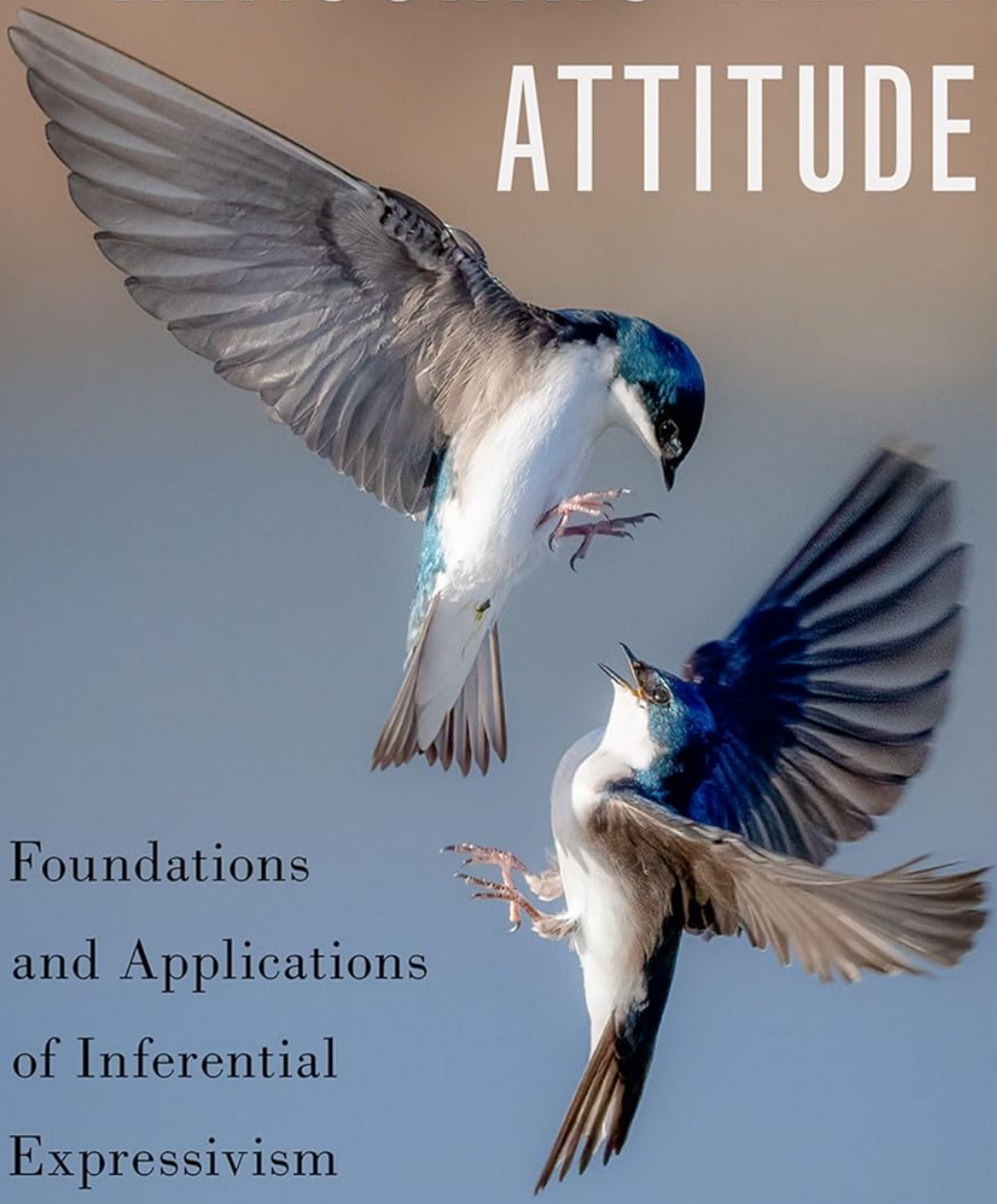

Foundations and Applications of Inferential Expressivism

LUCA INCURVATI & JULIAN J. SCHLÖDER

Reasoning with Attitude

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Foundations and Applications of Inferential Expressivism

LUCA INCURVATI
AND
JULIAN J. SCHLÖDER

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To our parents

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Preface

Words, sentences, and languages are endowed with meaning. Language allows us to convey thoughts about events occurring in distant places, and to coordinate on actions to be undertaken by our future selves. But what does the meaning of linguistic expressions consist in? A longstanding view in the history of philosophy, tracing at least as far back as Plato's *Cratylus*, identifies the meaning of an expression with what it stands for—its reference. This view is known as referentialism and has become something of a paradigm within the study of meaning. This is no doubt due, at least in part, to the success of formal semantics, which has over the years provided increasingly sophisticated referential analyses of the contribution of a large number of expressions to the meaning of the sentences in which they occur.

This is not to say that referentialism has gone unchallenged. One strand of opposition comes from the expressivist analysis of moral vocabulary. Expressivism emerged in the heyday of logical positivism as an attempt to reconcile moral discourse with an empiricist metaphysics and has since then had many reincarnations. These reincarnations share the idea that meaning is to be explained in terms of speech acts, which provide linguistic expression to our inner lives. Another strand of opposition to referentialism comes from the inferentialist analysis of logical vocabulary. Inferentialism has its roots in Wittgenstein's remarks in the *Philosophical Investigations* that meaning is use, and takes the meaning of expressions to be explained in terms of their role in inferences.

A central contention of this book is that, their differences notwithstanding, expressivism and inferentialism are best seen as opposing referentialism on the basis of the same pragmatist insight: that semantic explanations should not go beyond what is needed to explain the role of words in our practices. Expressivists focus on the attitudes that words are used to express; inferentialists focus on the inferences that words are used to draw. In this book, we lay the foundations for *inferential expressivism*, a theory of meaning which countenances both aspects of our linguistic practice and explains meaning in terms of the inferences we draw involving the attitudes we express.

Inferentialism and expressivism face challenges of their own. The history of ethical expressivism and its many reincarnations is, at least in part, the history of the struggle to account for the behaviour of expressions in embedded contexts. This is the core of what is known as the Frege–Geach Problem. Inferentialism, for its part, has remained limited in scope, so much so that doubts have been rightly raised about its ability to provide a theory of meaning for expressions other than simple logical constants such as *and* and *or*.

We argue that, by joining forces, expressivism and inferentialism can meet their key challenges. By explaining meaning inferentially, we contend, expressivists can solve the Frege–Geach Problem. The problem, as we show, arises not only in meta-ethics, but in several domains in which an expressivist analysis is called for. The resources of inferentialism afford expressivists the means of solving the problem across the board. By enriching their repertoire with attitude expressions of various kinds, in turn, inferentialists can provide semantic analyses of a variety of linguistic items going well beyond the simple logical constants. We demonstrate this by providing applications of the inferential expressivist approach to a diverse range of linguistic items, including epistemic modals, probability operators, conditionals, moral predicates, the truth predicate, and propositional attitude predicates.

Referential semantics is typically carried out in a Tarskian model-theoretic framework. We argue that inferentialist expressivist semantics is best carried out in what we call a *multilateral* proof-theoretic framework. This framework makes use of inference rules involving formulae decorated with signs standing for speech acts expressing attitudes. We obtain this framework by extending standard *bilateral* frameworks, which include signs for assertion and rejection, with signs for speech acts such as weak and strong assertion, approval and disapproval, and supposition. Adopting this framework opens up the possibility of distinguishing between two notions of legitimate inference: legitimate inference as preserving commitment and legitimate inference as preserving evidence. Once properly incorporated into the framework, this distinction motivates principled restrictions on the meta-rules of classical logic and leads to a uniform solution to puzzles and paradoxes of, among others, truth, epistemic modality, and conditionals. At the same time, the theories that we develop can account for the linguistic data in the relevant domains that have preoccupied semanticists whilst validating all classically valid arguments. The prospects for a research programme combining expressivism and inferentialism are bright indeed.

As should be clear, then, there are different themes running through this book: the pragmatist theme concerning the shape our semantic explanations should take; the foundational theme concerning how to combine expressivism and inferentialism into a novel theory of meaning; the expressivist theme concerning how the resulting approach has the resources to solve the Frege–Geach Problem; the formal semantics theme concerning how the approach can be applied to provide rich semantic theories of notions from a variety of domains; the logical theme concerning how to solve semantic and epistemic paradoxes of various kinds. Although we deem these themes to be intertwined and complementary, we hope that each of them will be of interest in its own right.

* * *

We now provide an outline of the structure of the book and of the content of its ten chapters. In the first two chapters, we provide opinionated introductions to the semantic frameworks of expressivism and inferentialism, their appealing features, and the distinctive problems they face. We argue that both expressivism and inferentialism are best motivated on the basis of their adherence to a pragmatist approach to semantic theorizing. Expressivism, in particular, complies with the meta-theoretical principle we dub the *Pragmatist Razor*, which underwrites our challenges to various forms of referentialism throughout the book. We also make a start on solving some of the problems expressivism and inferentialism are confronted with but argue in Chapter 1 that to solve the Frege–Geach Problem expressivists had better become inferentialists, and in Chapter 2 that to solve the Problem of Limited Applicability inferentialists had better become expressivists.

In Chapter 3, we show how to combine expressivism and inferentialism into inferential expressivism. Our point of departure is the bilateralist approach to meaning which, we argue, is best understood as a form of inferential expressivism about negation. We go on to present the inferential expressivist solution to the Frege–Geach Problem as applied to the case of embeddings of negation in conditional antecedents. We conclude the chapter by arguing that bilateralism faces the problem of weak rejections and that to solve this problem, bilateralists should become multilateralists.

In Chapter 4 we show how the extension from bilateralism to multilateralism opens up the possibility of solving the Problem of Limited Applicability. In particular, we extend the basic multilateral logic of the previous chapter into an epistemic multilateral logic and use this logic as the basis for an

inferential expressivist explanation of the meaning of the epistemic modal *might*. We note that the strategy used to explain the meaning of *might* is an application of a general *multilateral methodology* for providing inferential expressivist explanations of the meaning of linguistic items.

The remaining chapters apart from the concluding one detail applications of the multilateral methodology to arrive at inferential expressivist accounts of further pieces of vocabulary. We begin by providing an inferential expressivist account of moral vocabulary in Chapter 5. We show that this account has the resources to address a particularly strong version of the Frege–Geach Problem, to solve the Wishful Thinking Problem for ethical expressivism, and to account for moral motivation.

We then turn to attitude ascriptions in Chapter 6. We give an inferential expressivist semantics for ascriptions of various kinds of attitudes and show that this semantics is compatible with what we deem to be the correct shape of a solution to the Many Attitudes Problem for expressivism. We go on to discuss the question of realism about the mind from the point of view of inferential expressivism.

In Chapter 7, we provide an inferential expressivist account of the truth predicate. We prove that the resulting theory of truth has the resources to provide a principled solution to the semantic paradoxes and their revenge versions. The theory, moreover, can be provably shown to share profound similarities with supervaluational approaches to truth.

In Chapter 8, we tackle conditionals. We extend the multilateral framework so as to include not only signs for categorical speech acts, but also for conditional ones. We then explain the meaning of conditionals in terms of such binary speech acts. We show that the resulting inferential expressivist account of conditionals has several attractive features. Notably, it avoids Gibbard's collapse problem and Curry's Paradox in a natural way.

As a final application of the multilateral methodology, we present in Chapter 9 an inferential expressivist account of epistemic uses of probabilistic vocabulary. We give an inferential expressivist analysis of *it is probable that* which accounts for several linguistic data concerning probability expressions and avoids the Frege–Geach Problem. We end the chapter by explaining how the account can be extended to expressions of comparative probability and to quantitative probability talk.

We conclude the book in Chapter 10 by illustrating the road ahead for the inferential expressivist approach to meaning. We present a number of

further possible applications of the approach and outline how one may go about carrying out these applications.

Some of the chapters are based on material that has appeared elsewhere, though often in a very different form. Chapter 3 draws on 'Weak rejection' (*Australasian Journal of Philosophy*, 2017), Chapter 4 draws on 'Weak assertion' (*Philosophical Quarterly*, 2019) and 'Epistemic multilateral logic' (*Review of Symbolic Logic*, 2022a), Chapter 5 draws on 'Inferential expressivism and the negation problem' (*Oxford Studies in Metaethics*, 2021), and Chapter 7 draws on 'Inferential deflationism' (*Philosophical Review*, Forthcoming). We are grateful to the editors and publishers for permission to use material from these articles.

* * *

On 13 June 2014 the *LoLa Day* took place at the University of Amsterdam. During this meeting, several members of the Logic and Language (LoLa) group of the Institute for Logic, Language and Computation gave talks on aspects of their current research. We both presented material on the speech act of rejection. Having discovered that we were both working on what we considered an unjustly neglected topic, we decided to exchange notes. So began the collaboration that led to this book. We would like to thank Franz Berto and Robert van Rooij for organizing that meeting as heads of LoLa at the time.

Over the years, the material in this book has benefitted from conversations and feedback from many friends and colleagues. We are especially grateful to Maria Aloni, Daniel Altshuler, Nicholas Asher, Bahram Assadian, Dorit Bar-On, Franz Berto, Arianna Betti, Justin Bledin, Paul Bloomfield, Lwenn Bussière, Tim Button, Matthew Chrisman, Mariangela Cocchiaro, Paul Dekker, Imogen Dickie, Cian Dorr, Raquel Fernández, Filippo Ferrari, Stephen Finlay, Salvatore Florio, Melissa Fusco, Manuel García-Carpintero, Lewis Gordon, Magdalena Kaufmann, Angelika Kratzer, Manfred Krifka, Alex Lascarides, Hannes Leitgeb, Bill Lycan, Michael Lynch, Matthew Mandelkern, Teresa Marques, Thomas Müller, Julien Murzi, Carlo Nicolai, Alejandro Pérez Carballo, Francesca Poggiolesi, Huw Price, Greg Restall, Dave Ripley, Lucas Rosenblatt, Marcus Rossberg, Lorenzo Rossi, Giorgio Sbardolini, Thomas Schindler, Lionel Shapiro, Stewart Shapiro, Sebastian Speitel, Una Stojnić, Martin Stokhof, Christine Tiefensee, Robert van Rooij, Frank Veltman, Jack Woods, and Hedde Zeijlstra. We would also like to

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We have presented some of the material in this book in a number of forums. We are grateful to the organizers and audiences of the Mathematical Logic Colloquium at the University of Bonn, the Theoretical Philosophy Colloquium at Utrecht University, the PLM Masterclass with Angelika Kratzer at the University of Salzburg, the Philosophy Colloquium at the University of Gothenburg, the New York Philosophy of Language Workshop, the XIV Annual Madison Metaethics Workshop, the Semantics and Philosophy in Europe 11 Conference at the University of Warsaw, the Higher Seminar in Theoretical Philosophy at Uppsala University, the Monday Colloquium at the University of Bonn, the Workshop on Propositions, Properties, Sets, and Other Abstract Objects at the University of Amsterdam, the SPAGAD2 Workshop and the Mini-Workshop on Discourse of the ZAS (Berlin), the Logic Colloquium at the Munich Center for Mathematical Philosophy, the Logic Colloquium and Philosophy Colloquium at the University of Konstanz, the London Group for Formal Philosophy, the Workshop on Classical and Non-Classical Approaches to Paradoxes at the University of Buenos Aires, the von Weizsäcker Colloquium at the University of Tübingen, the Philosophy of Hybrid Representations reading group at the University of Barcelona, the Logic Colloquium at the University of Connecticut, the Varieties of Philosophical Expressivism Workshop at the University of Mannheim, and the Rhineland Expressivism Workshop at the University of Bonn. We are also grateful to the audiences of the EXPRESS Workshops on Bilateral Approaches to Meaning and on Expressivist Approaches to Meaning, which we organized at the University of Amsterdam together with Lwenn Bussière and Giorgio Sbardolini.

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Finally, before we begin, some words from each of us individually.

From Luca: Thank you to Julian for being such a wonderful collaborator and for being so much fun to work with; to Tim Smiley for introducing me to rejection when I was a graduate student; to the Cambridge pragmatists for influencing me in ways that I am only now fully realizing; to Sarah for

her continuous love and not minding too much me testing her acceptability judgements about embedded epistemic modals; to Tommaso for bringing so much joy to my life; and to my parents for always believing in me.

From Julian: I am grateful to Luca for being, over the years, an outstanding advisor, supervisor, colleague, and co-author; to Raquel Fernández, Alex Lascarides, and Paul Dekker for their teachings which have stayed with me more than they might know; to Yu'an for her love and toleration of late nights working; and to my parents for their unwavering support.

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VER. He is.

TELL. I'm ready, too! Keep silent for
Heaven's sake and do not stir—and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it. (*To the people.*)

GES. Go on.

TELL. I will.
O friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

(TELL *shoots; a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.* TELL'S *head drops on his bosom; he with difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*)

VER. (*Rushing in with* ALBERT.) Thy boy is safe, no
hair of him is touched.

ALB. Father, I'm safe! Your Albert's safe, dear father,—
Speak to me! Speak to me!

VER. He cannot, boy.

ALB. You grant him life?

GES. I do.

ALB. And we are free?

GES. You are. (Crossing angrily behind.)

VER. Open his vest
And give him air.

(ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes*

(ALBERT *opens his father's vest, and the arrow drops.* TELL *starts, fixes his eye upon* ALBERT*, and clasps him to his breast.*)

TELL. My boy! my boy!

GES. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

TELL. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

I. His School and His Friends

custom vicinity scarecrow murmur
uncouth adjacent appalling personage

In a remote period of American history there lived in Sleepy Hollow a worthy man whose name was Ichabod Crane. He sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried" in that quiet little valley for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity.

He was tall, but very lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, and feet that might have served as shovels. His head was small, with huge ears, large glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose. To see him striding along the crest of a hill on a windy day, with his ill-fitting clothes fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for some scarecrow escaped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely built of logs. It stood in a rather lonely but pleasant place, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a birch tree growing near one end of it. From this place of learning the low murmur of children's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer day like the hum of a beehive. Now and then this was interrupted by the stern voice of the master, or perhaps by the appalling sound of a birch twig, as some loiterer was urged along the flowery path of knowledge.

When school hours were over, the teacher forgot that he was the master, and was even the companion and playmate of the older

boys; and on holiday afternoons he liked to go home with some of the smaller ones who happened to have pretty sisters, or mothers noted for their skill in cooking.

Indeed, it was a wise thing for him to keep on good terms with his pupils. He earned so little by teaching school that he could scarcely have had enough to eat had he not, according to country custom, boarded at the houses of the children whom he instructed. With these he lived, by turns, a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

He had many ways of making himself both useful and agreeable. He helped the farmers in the lighter labors of their farms, raked the hay at harvest time, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and he would often sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

He was looked upon as a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage of finer tastes and better manners than the rough young men who had been brought up in the country. He was always welcome at the tea table of a farmhouse; and his presence was almost sure to bring out an extra dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or the parade of a silver teapot. He would walk with the young ladies in the churchyard between services on Sundays, gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees, or sauntering with a whole bevy of them along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the bashful country youngsters hung sheepishly back and hated him for his fine manners.

One of his sources of pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the Dutch farmers, as they sat by the fire with a long row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth. He listened to their wondrous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or "Galloping Hessian of the

Hollow," as they sometimes called him. And then he would entertain them with stories of witchcraft, and would frighten them with woeful speculations about comets and shooting stars, and by telling them that the world did really turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy.

There was pleasure in all this while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a room that was lighted by the ruddy glow from a crackling wood fire, and where no ghost dared show its face; but it was a pleasure dearly bought by the terrors which would beset him during his walk homeward. How fearful were the shapes and shadows that fell across his way in the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!

II. The Invitation

autumnal	urchins	application	cavalier
pensive	pommel	apparition	genuine
horizon	plumage	luxurious	gradually

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he watched the doings of his little school. In his hand he held a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the stool, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk were sundry contraband articles taken from idle urchins, such as half-eaten apples, popguns, whirligigs, and fly cages. His scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom.

This stillness was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, who, mounted on the back

of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, came clattering up to the schoolhouse door. He brought an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at the house of Herr Van Tassel; and having delivered his message, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons. Those who were nimble skipped over half without being noticed; and those who were slow were hurried along by a smart application of the rod. Then books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, the children yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early freedom.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing his best and only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance at the party in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was boarding, and, thus gallantly mounted, rode forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures.

The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse. He was gaunt and shagged, with a slender neck, and a head like a hammer. His mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs. One eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other still gleamed with genuine wickedness. He must have had plenty of fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a rider suited for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his elbows stuck out like a grasshopper's; and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his

black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled along the highway; and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day. The sky was clear and serene. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frost into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air. The bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble fields.

The small birds fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, gay and happy because of the plenty and variety around them. There were the twittering blackbirds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail; and the blue jay, in his gay, light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples,—some still hanging on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding. There, too, were multitudes of yellow pumpkins turning up their yellow sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies. And anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive; and as he beheld them, he dreamed of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts, he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine, golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the midheaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides.

III. At the Party

adjacent	innovations	sumptuous	piazza
antiquated	animated	skeleton	specter

It was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel. He found it thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country,—old farmers, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk little dames, in close-crimped caps and long-waisted gowns, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; young girls, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock showed signs of city innovations; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats with rows of huge brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times.

What a world of charms burst upon the gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion—the ample charms of a Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn! Such heaped-up platters of cakes, of various and indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives!

There were doughnuts and crisp, crumbling crullers; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole

family of cakes; and then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; and slices of ham and smoked beef; and dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream; all mingled, higgledy-piggledy, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst! I want breath and time to describe this banquet as I ought, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry, but did ample justice to every dainty.

And now, supper being ended, the sound of music from the common room summoned to the dance. The musician was an old, gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, moving his head with every movement of the bow, and stamping his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself on his dancing. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? When the dance was over, Ichabod joined a circle of the older folks, who, with Herr Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, and told stories of the war and wild and wonderful legends of ghosts and other supernatural beings.

Some mention was made of a woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on wintry nights before a storm. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country. One man told how he had once met the horseman and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge by the church, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw him into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

A wild, roistering young man, who was called Brom Bones, declared that the headless horseman was, after all, no rider compared with himself. He said that returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and would have won it, too, but just as they came to the church bridge, the specter bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

IV. The Midnight Adventure

idea	gnarled	sensitive	sociability
dismal	covert	gigantic	desperation
inquiry	violence	opposite	evidently

The party now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, growing fainter and fainter till they gradually died away, and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod pursued his travel homeward. In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the opposite shore of the Hudson, but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of the distance between them. No signs of life occurred near, but now and then the chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories that Ichabod had heard about ghosts and goblins now came crowding into his mind. The night grew darker and darker. The stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many

of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large as the trunks of ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the ground, and rising again into the air.

As Ichabod approached this tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. Coming a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling, but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been struck by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen. A few rough logs laid side by side served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge was the severest trial; for it was here that the unfortunate André had been captured, and under covert of the thicket of chestnuts and vines by the side of the road had the sturdy yeomen, who surprised him, lain concealed. The stream has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As Ichabod approached the stream his heart began to thump. He gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and tried to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod jerked the rein on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the trees he beheld something huge, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? Summoning up a show of courage, he called out in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road.

Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones and the headless horseman, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod drew up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for.

On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless; but his horror was still more

increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle. His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by sudden movement, to give his companion the slip; but the specter started full jump with him.

Away, then, they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

Just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and Ichabod felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and tried to hold it firm, but in vain. He had just time to save himself by clasping Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of its owner's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears. He had much ado to keep his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that was far from pleasant.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him. He even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the

opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish in a flash of fire and brimstone.

Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust; and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster.

An inquiry was set on foot, and after much investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road by the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt. The tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered.

As Ichabod was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. It is true, an old farmer, who went down to New York on a visit several years after, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and the farmer whose horse he had ridden, and partly for other reasons; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, was observed to look very knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led

some to suppose that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE BLUEBIRD

When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
   To hold its blossom blue;
So into it He breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
   As wings, away it flew.

—Father Tabb.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip’s farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake

Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—Alfred Tennyson.

THE STORY OF A HAPPY CHILD

I

chevalier	poem	education	opera
conservatory	poetry	poverty	accord
applause	talent	composer	theater

The Chevalier had found a lad who would be worthy of his care. To be sure he was but a peasant boy full of fun and laughter. The Chevalier himself had once been young and remembered how tempting the sunshine used to be and the fields and the ripe nuts of autumn. He had marked with pleasure this handsome lad, and watched with interest his changing face and dancing eye as he went on his merry way.

"I shall ask him to my house," thought the Chevalier, "and see what he will say to my books."

So Giochino went to the Chevalier's house and listened eagerly while the Chevalier told him of the beautiful verses and stories which many of the books contained. Now and then the Chevalier would read a few lines from a poem.

The boy loved poetry. It was sweet in sound and had a movement like the gliding of boats on still water. It made him forget everything else,—even how he had teased his old music teacher, and that his mother was sometimes sad.

Perhaps he was a little lonesome, for his mother, whom he loved dearly, was often far off. She was working for her boy, saving every cent possible to give him the musical education for which she had longed. Here and there throughout Italy she went singing in one of the traveling opera companies so common in those days. In her

younger years her voice had been full and strong, but now it was failing and she wondered what would happen to Giochino.

But the boy's heart was too joyous to be cast down by poverty or trouble. The days were bright and sunny, why should he not be gay? His voice was clear, true, pure in tone, and almost of its own accord broke into song. Occasionally he, too, would earn a little money by singing at the theater.

After a time he was able to study music with a master and finally entered the conservatory at Bologna. Here he was taught some of the more difficult things about music.

It was not long before he discovered that he already knew enough to write operas. He was delighted. He would go to seek his fortune.

His teacher, realizing that he had extraordinary talent, wished him to continue his study further and even offered to instruct him in the stately music of the Church, if he would remain. But the youth did not heed his offer and started forth.

In his happy, aimless way he went from place to place. He sang, he accompanied, he directed and composed. He was always good-natured, always generous, and never without friends.

It was evening in Venice. The opera was just over. People were thronging from the door of the opera house. They were talking excitedly. Evidently they were much pleased. Giochino Rossini's opera, "Tancred," had been presented for the first time. It had been received with wild applause.

Rossini was surprised at this. "I fancied," he said, "that, after hearing my opera, they would put me into the madhouse. But they are madder than I."

II

popular	finally	composition	indignation
spirit	composer	message	mentioned

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